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STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need.
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills
That as yet has no existence?

Strength for to-day—what a precious boon
For the earnest souls that labor,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts
In the battle of right quail not;
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day—on the downhill track,
For the travelers near the valley,
That up, far up on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of sun
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day in the house and home
To practice forbearance sweetly—
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Myra Wilbur's Mistake.

Gilbert Gorham, at the age of ten, was left orphaned and destitute, and was taken into the tender care of his loving grandfather, and his Aunt Jane, a venerable spinster, whose severity was a most wholesome restraint upon his grandfather's extreme indulgence. Old Mr. Gorham being a man of enormous wealth, his grandson and heir was the most favored of boys and youths, every whim of boyish and youthful fancy being granted as soon as expressed.

And so, when Gilbert had attained the age of twenty-one, and blushingly announced his undying love for Miss Myra Wilbur, the belle of many watering-places and seasons, and some five years his senior, his grandfather only nodded and said:

"Suit yourself, my boy, suit yourself."

So a magnificent diamond was slipped on Myra's finger, and Gilbert entered into a fool's paradise blind to the fact that he was the dupe of an accomplished coquette, whose whole hard nature was incapable of the tithe of the love laid at her feet.

For, being sensitive, poetical and over indulged, the boy made unto himself an idol, and calling it Myra, worshiped it.

And the actual Myra, being eminently practical, worldly and mercenary, erected a gold idol of unlimited indulgence and riches, and calling that Gilbert, worshiped it.

Mr. Gorham, although he was old and feeble, took a carriage and drove from Fern Nook, the family country seat, in Poolsville, the town honored by Miss Wilbur's presence, and made a formal call.

After he was gone, Miss Wilbur, turning to her mother, made a strange speech for a maiden just betrothed, for she said:

"After all, mamma, a rich widow is better than a rich wife, for she can spend the money then, uncontrolled."

"Well, my dear?"

"I was only thinking that Gilbert told me once he was entirely dependent upon his grandfather, having nothing while the old man lived."

"It would be well then to keep in the old gentleman's favor."

Evidently Myra was of that opinion. She worked a pair of soft quilted slippers for the aged feet, she sent flowers and dainty dishes to Fern Nook for dear Mr. Gorham; she made herself a hundred fold dearer to her infatuated lover by her delicate attentions to his relative.

Business connected with the settlement of a claim of his grandfather's against the Government called Gilbert to Washington, early in the winter following his betrothal. There was the usual pathetic parting, and with assurance of Myra's undying love, the young man left Fern Nook.

After two months' absence, when he was preparing to return home, a telegram reached him:

"Wait in New York to see me. Will put up at the Grand Central.

JANE GORHAM."

Of all strange experiences this was the strangest. His Aunt Jane leaving her home to visit the metropolis! Gilbert vainly tried to remember if ever she had been absent from home before, and thoroughly bewildered, hurried to meet her.

His first surprise was to find her gentle and kind, all the grim severity of her manner gone. Her kiss upon his lips was tender as Myra's own.

"My boy," she said, "I have news for you that will distress you, but before I tell that, I want you to listen attentively to some business details that were never of any special interest to you before. You have always supposed Fern Nook and the wealth that sustains it to be your grandfather's."

"And are they not?"

"No, my dear, they are mine. Your grandfather holds a life lease only of the house and half the income. The property was all his wife's and left to me, with the lease, as I said, to my father during life. While we were all one family and you the heir, it was quite unnecessary to make any talk or fuss about the matter; but now, it is as well to understand my rights and yours."

"Now?"

"Your grandfather, my dear, being, I charitably believe, in his dotage, has married—Myra Wilbur!"

It was a crushing blow. Gilbert swayed to and fro in his chair, and then fell insensible.

His ideal poetic life was more real to him than the actual world about him, and he suffered acutely. But his aunt was the best of comforters, for, while she was full of tender sympathy, she was eminently practical, and with clear, forcible words she made him realize fully how unworthy was the idol he had worshiped.

With her own personal property she had also brought Gilbert's from their old home, and she took a house in New York, where they both soon felt at home, returning no more to Fern Nook. Then, with true practical kindness she persuaded Gilbert to allow her to buy him a partnership in a light business, and roused him from his dreamy, sensitive moods, to active, natural life.

He might have become soured and hard, but for the love of this old maid, who had never before let him read the tenderness of her heart. But, while he suffered keenly, his manhood developed, and he was a stronger, better man for his disappointment.

When Myra's name ceased to be a torture, Aunt Jane made herself known to old friends of her girlhood, and gathered about her a pleasant, social circle, where Gilbert was soon a favorite. There was no hint of the spinster's hope when she said very quietly:

"Any attention you can pay to Ella Rayburn, will be very pleasing to me, Gilbert. Her mother has been my warmest friend in past years, and we have renewed the old times most pleasantly. If Ella is like her mother she is a pure, sweet, unselfish woman."

"And Ella was like her mother, and was soon taken into Aunt Jane's closest intimacy.

Still smarting under the past pain, Gilbert was merely attentive to his aunt's young friend, and not yet realizing that a reality filling his old idea was near him.

And while these old residents of Fern Nook were quietly gathering up broken threads of life, to weave a more perfect web of content, Myra Gorham was eating out her heart in bitterness. Instead of an old, indulgent husband, ready to humor every whim, to give her idolatrous devotion, she found herself tied to a querulous invalid, who had been accustomed to the unquestioning obedience and devotion of his daughter and grandson, and who exacted a similar care from his reluctant wife. In place of balls, concerts and operas, the gay life of the metropolis, Mrs. Gorham found herself shut up in a country house, certainly sufficiently handsome and well appointed to meet the most fastidious taste, but lonely beyond endurance to the woman miles away from her own friends, and coldly ignored by the friends of the Gorhams, fully aware of her mercenary treachery.

Yet she endured it as patiently as possible, till the old man, pining for Jane and Gilbert, sickened and failed visibly.

It was when all hope was gone, that the young wife cautiously but very plainly urged the necessity of making a will. It seemed to her as if all the misery of life concentrated in the peevish reply:

"I have nothing to will. All the property belongs to Jane! I only hold a life lease on my late wife's estates."

"Jane!" gasped Myra, remembering the insulting terms in which she had intimated to that spinster that she preferred to reign alone at Fern Nook.

"Certainly! If Gilbert's father had lived he would have shared in the property, but it all reverts to Gilbert if Jane dies unmarried."

All Gilbert's and might have been all hers.

Myra felt too stunned and miserable even to cry! To think that all her base scheming, her feigned devotion had led her only to this, the beggared widow of an old man.

But after the funeral was over Mrs. Gorham made a few discoveries. First, all the deep black of her dress, with the fine white line of her widow's cap, the sombre crape and soft snowy tarletan were most becoming to her brilliant blonde beauty. She studied her dress to its minutest detail, and when it was perfect, formed her new plans. In her late husband's desk she found five thousand dollars which she appropriated, leaving Miss Jane and Gilbert, who came to the funeral, to defray all the expenses. She accepted Miss Gorham's offer of the use of the house for a year, and when she was left in possession unscrupulously sold many small but valuable articles there.

When the year was over, and Miss Jane Gorham once more opened her house to her friends, she was mute with consternation one day when a carriage heavily laden with baggage, drove up to her door, from which alighted her father's widow, who threw herself into her arms, sobbing:

"Do not send me away. I am dying in the gloomy seclusion of my dear husband's home. Let me stay with you!"

She stayed, of course. Miss Jane's old-fashioned notions of hospitality were too strong to permit her to turn a guest away, even if uninvited and unwelcome. But she smiled grimly to see how Gilbert's face fell at the announcement of the visitor.

"She is my father's widow," the spinster said gravely. "So we must endure her for a time."

She was a most fascinating widow when she appeared at the late dinner, in a thin black dress, all jet and trimming, with some knots of black ribbon in the profusion of her golden curls. Her color was softly tinted as ever, her blue eyes as babyish and winsome; yet, when the first evening was over she knew she had gained nothing in her effort to recapture the heart she had thrown aside.

But she did not despair. She sang the old songs that Gilbert had once heard with rapture. She varied her dress with laces, ribbons and jewelry, till its pretense of mourning was a mere mockery. She put herself in Gilbert's way with every dainty device of feminine needlework. She entreated permission to prepare his favorite dishes with her own white hands. And, as if to try his constancy, Miss Jane aided and abetted this schemer for her nephew's fortune, and spoke but little of Ella, never inviting her now to the house, so that Gilbert was forced to seek her more and more in her own home, and found her ever more lovely and winsome from the contrast with the idol he had proved to be clay. It was six months after the arrival of Mrs. Gorham in her stepdaughter's house, when Gilbert, returning from a drive with Ella, met his aunt in the hall, and clasping her in a close embrace, whispered very softly:

"Ella is mine! Wish me joy!"

"From my heart," she whispered back.

Radiant with joy and hope Gilbert, after changing his driving-dress, hurried to the sitting room, to tell Aunt Jane "all about it." He had absolutely forgotten about their guest, and it gave him an unpleasant shock when he found her, seated in a low chair, busied about some wool work, that showed to great advantage her tiny white hands, glittering with jeweled rings.

She rose to greet him, and then, to his embarrassed surprise, she clasped her jewelled hands, and bursting into tears, sobbed:

"Oh, Gilbert, do not look at me so coldly. I cannot bear it. I know I deserve nothing from you but contempt, but if you knew how sorely my mother urged me, how importunate your grandfather was, you would forgive me. I was insane with their persecutions, and I thought in my misery that I could still see you, and, perhaps—some day—when I was free again—I—I"——

And here even her effrontery gave out, and she only sobbed convulsively. Taken by surprise, every gentlemanly instinct urged Gilbert to comfort this woman who was so recklessly offering him what it was once his fondest hope to possess. But his whole soul shrank from her; his manly, true heart was only outraged by her unwomanly advances.

Gravely he stood looking down upon her as she shrank in the chair, sobbing and covering her face, and yet furtively watching him.

"Gilbert, speak one tender word to me," she implored; "say you do not utterly despise me."

But he did. He sought for words to convey his meaning kindly, and they would not come. Blushing like a boy in his confusion and pain, he said, gently:

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Gorham"——

"It used to be Myra," she sobbed, reproachfully.

"True, but those were days that can never be recalled."

"You are cruel."

"I do not wish to be so, but I must be frank with you. The past is dead! Never can we revive that love that was once so precious to me, so very trifling to you."

"No, no, you wrong me. Alas for me, it is my misfortune that I cannot conquer my love."

"But mine died when it was insulted and slighted."

Here Gilbert drew a deep sigh of relief at the appearance of Aunt Jane, entering the room behind Myra's chair. Mrs Gorham did not hear her light step, and sobbed:

"Your love cannot be dead, Gilbert. It will live again. Pity and forgive me."

"I both pity and forgive you," said Gilbert, very gently.

"But"——

"But," said Aunt Jane, in her hardest tone, and with her face set in rigid lines, "you forget, Mrs. Gorham, the law does not permit a man to marry his grandmother."

With a cry of rage, Mrs. Gorham sprang to her feet, but something in the cold, grave faces, checked the torrent of wrath upon her lips, and she left the room.

The next day she terminated her visit, and loftily declined an invitation, sent three months later, to be present at the wedding of Gilbert Gorham, and his gentle bride—Ella.

Men of Force.

There is always room for a man of force and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.

Giorgione.

The old *campo* passes the long, languid days of the late summer in dreaming of the time when the pavement rang with the footsteps of student-lads who pressed about the threshold of their master Giorgione, and called upon him to come down and join them in their wild sports. "There will be masques to-night," cry the lawless young painters; "and we shall sup afterward by moonlight under the shadow of St. Mark's." The gods and monsters that the master's hand has frescoed on the pallid plaster grin down an acceptance. A figure appears at the balcony-window, and cries out to the young idlers to return to their studies, and abide the night-fall.

It is a tall figure, with a beautiful young face, framed by the velvet cap of the painter-guild. As he stands there in the sunlight in his dark-green velvet garment, full of rich shadows, with the concentration of genius upon his face, you would not believe him the trifler, the pleasure-seeker, that all Venice hails him. The broad brow, the strong features, the firm chin, tell of quick, impatient, creative power. Only the graceful curve of his mouth suggests the hidden flaw within this vessel, in which burns the sacred fire.

He is colossal in his achievements when he has once convinced himself that creation is the worthiest end of life. But there is no ideal so noble, no resolution so bold, that it will not vanish before the touch of soft lips or the glance of tender eyes. Why should he sit and toil over one form of beauty, when all God's creation lies at his feet, waiting but to be grasped?

But now and again comes a moment when the thought of the sacred charge committed to him rushes through his heart. Then, with the impulse of his strong soul a score of touches from his eager hand creates a shape that sets the whole town wondering at his power. And then his old demon whispers to him that love and life are better than art, and so for months he gropes on through the darkness that thickens about him toward the light that eludes his grasp. His days are one long struggle between the instincts of life and the instincts of art. His youth, his beauty, his passionate nature, are forever at war with the cold, stern asceticism of intellectual creation. He had a Greek nature, this Venetian of the *cinque cento*, and his was the pure sensuousness of those perfect organizations that accepted beauty as the gift of the gods, and made their lives lyrics, and bathed their bodies in sunlight, and shunned the darkness of thought and mental suffering.

And yet I wonder if those wise young painters, who shook their heads over the noisy riot with which Giorgione filled the Venetian streets, never recognized in his wild merriment the agonies of a despairing soul. Did they never feel in his gorgeous canvases an undertone of pathos? Did no undefined sadness creep over them when they gazed upon his pictures of women, those lovely faces with the moulded features and ripe, parted mouths, and tender, rosy brows shadowed by rich, bronzed hair, and deep, brooding eyes that give the lie to their flushed, bare limbs? Some dim memory of suffering endured far back in the ages hides under those voluptuous curves, some consciousness of approaching decay lurks beneath the fair marble surface, some presentiment of early death fills the deep eyes with awe.

Such a form as those that glow upon his canvases, with the mysterious death-prophecy written on their brows, used to stand on the balcony of summer afternoons and gaze down upon the slumbering *campo*, with the arms of the flowers clutching at her sweeping garments of deep-red velvet. There were rubies on her bare, white throat, and the deep-red carnations of Venice burned among the dull gold coils of her hair. She leaned over among the dark-red damasks that hung from the balcony, a rich mass of color against the tawny frescoes of the wall, and the sunlight deepened the glow of her hair, and made dark furrows in her velvet drapery, and gleamed in the jewels about her throat, and transfigured her to the wine-goddess, the bacchante, the color-queen of the Venetian revels.

The young students, passing across the *campo*, lowered their voices as they caught sight of the stately form, and said one to another. "It is Giorgione's love!" Did they feel the lurking agony in that smooth, fair face, the forethought of pain and suffering in the beautiful eyes, the tears gathering behind the laughter that made the old *campo* ring with gladness? Yet for her there was naught in life but love, and joy, and pleasure, velvets and jewels, and every night a fresh revel.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Anecdotes of Samuel Foote.

No man was ever more free from toadyism; rank was no shield against his wit, which would strike as hard at a Duke as a menial. "Well, Foote, here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things," said the Duke of Cumberland, one night, in the green-room of the Haymarket. "Really, your Royal Highness must have an excellent digestion," replied the wit, for you never bring any up again." A Scotch peer, notoriously thrifty, served his wine in very small glasses, and descanted eloquently upon its age and excellence. "It is very little of its age," observed Foote. Sometimes this humor amounted to insolence; as, for instance after dining at a nobleman's house, not to his satisfaction, and finding the servants ranged in the hall when he was departing, he inquired for the cook and butler, and upon their stepping forward, said to the first, "Here's half-a-crown for my eating;" and to the other, "Here's five shillings for my wine but, by———, I never had so bad a dinner for the money in my life." Dining with Lord Townsend after a duel, he suggested that his lordship might have got rid of his antagonist in a more deadly way. "How?" inquired his host. "By inviting him to a dinner like this, and poisoning him," was the sharp reply. The Duke of Norfolk, who was rather too fond of the bottle, asked him in what new character he should go to a masquerade. "Go sober," answered Foote. Being taken into White's one day, a nobleman remarked to him that his handkerchief was hanging out of his pocket. "Thank you, my lord," he replied, "thank you; you know the company better than I do." A rich contractor was holding forth upon the instability of the world. "Can you account for it, Sir?" he asked, turning to Foote. "Well, not very clearly," he responded, "unless we suppose it was built by contract." "Why are you for ever humming that air?" he asked of a gentleman who had no idea of time. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder, for you are forever murdering it." Garrick, of whose great fame he was undoubtedly envious, was a constant butt for his sarcasms; and yet Garrick, whether from fear or friendship it would be difficult to determine, did him many kindnesses, was always ready to oblige him with money, and stood firmly by him throughout the Jackson prosecution; which last act of friendship touched Foote at last with gratitude, for in one of his letters, addressed to Garrick, he writes: "God forever bless you! May nothing but halcyon days and nights crown the rest of your life, is the sincere prayer of Samuel Foote." Garrick's notorious meanness, however, furnished him with many a witticism. At one of Foote's dinner parties an announcement was made of the arrival of Mr. Garrick's servants. "Oh, let them wait," he replied to his footman, "but be sure you lock up the pantry!" One day a gentleman, while conversing with Foote, was speaking of Garrick having reflected upon some person's parsimony, and ended by observing "Why does he not take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's?" "Because," retorted Foote, "he is not sure of selling the timber." Where on earth can it be gone?" said Foote, when Garrick dropped a guinea at the Bedford one night, and was searching for it in vain. "To the devil, I think," answered the actor, irritably. "Let you alone, David, for making a guinea go further than any one else," was the reply. He could never forego his jest, however solemn the occasion. He had been to the funeral of Holland, the actor, whose father was a baker. "Poor fellow!" he said in the Bedford that evening, the tears scarcely upon his cheeks, "I have been to see him shoved into the family oven." He once said of an actress, who was remarkably awkward with her arms, that she kept the Graces at arm's length. But Johnson considered that Foote surpassed every one he had ever heard in humorous narrative; and that although Garrick, the great conversationalist of the age, surpassed him in gayety, delicacy, and elegance, Foote provoked much more laughter. A gentleman who had conceived a prejudice against him, related to Boswell his first meeting with him at a dinner. "Having no good opinion of the fellow," he said, "I was resolved not to be pleased. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible." This most unscrupulous of mimics and satirists was himself exceedingly thin-skinned. When one time Woodward, and at another Wilkinson, threatened him with a retort in kind, he ran away to Garrick and Rich, their managers, foaming with passion, and threatening the most violent retaliations. Boswell relates that, after hearing him at a dinner-table indulge in all kinds of coarse jocularity against Johnson, he observed that he had heard the great lexicographer say a very good thing of Mr. Foote himself. He [Boswell] had asked him one day if he did not think Foote an infidel. "I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel," replied Johnson; "but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject." Boswell adds that he never saw Foote look so disconcerted. "What, Sir!" he exclaimed indignantly, "to talk thus of a man of liberal education; a man who for years was at the University of Oxford; a man who has added sixteen new characters to the literature of his country!"—*Temple Bar.*

Prof. Robert Mallet of London, a recognized authority in earthquake and volcano literature, has recently urged again one of his well known theories as to the mechanism of volcanic eruptions. Taking for his text an account of the last eruptions of Trolladyngja, a volcano in Iceland, he refers to the earthquakes which preceded that event as evidence in support of his views. He regards the explosion as due to the occurrence in the same vent of a measured supply of heated water—*i. e.*, a geyser—and the products (ejecta) of a volcano of small energy. Prof. Mallet proposes to visit Iceland this year and ascertain whether the facts of the case will bear out this hypothesis, according to which a geyser may be converted into a volcano.

An English Interior.

Hedgley's study is an agreeable book, to which I shall introduce the reader; not because it is Hedgley's, but that it is typical of the way the rooms of many artistic and cultivated English people are getting to look nowadays Opening the door and pushing aside the *portiere*, we find ourselves in a sage-green retreat, set off with antique black oak, and brown-backed, gold-lettered books, in long, low, bookcases. Advancing about five paces across a Persian rug, we pause on a brown bear-skin, in front of a brass fender. Here is a great black-oak mantle-piece, with shelves or brackets above; and a round, convex mirror in the midst of them, of which Hedgely is particularly proud. Up one jamb of the mantel, across the lintel, and down the other jamb, runs a quaint inscription in old-fashioned lettering. The shelves are covered with carved ivory or sandal-wood curiosities, Japanese and Indian porcelain, small bronzes, and a vase holding a royal sheaf of peacock-feathers. Besides the book-cases, there is a black-oak cupboard, with twisted legs and polished brass locks and hinges. Round the sage-green wall (which are warmed somewhat by the delicate tracery of gold that wanders over the paper) are hung pictures in flat gold frames; not many of them, but beautiful for color or form. There is one broad window, the upper section of old stained glass, curtained by a soft, brownish-green fabric ringed on a bar of brass. There is a bronze chandelier of severely simple design, light from which is communicable through a green pipe to an Argand lamp on the massive study-table. Lastly, in order to the contemplation of all these things, you are invited to sit down on either one of two comfortable but unpretending chairs; or to recline on one of the broadest-bottomed, most luxurious lounges in all upholstery! Such a room is pleasant at all times; especially, perhaps, of a spring afternoon, when there is a veiled luminousness of sunshine without, and the air is cool enough to justify a good fire. Everything looks mellow, refined and home-like; and as the day declines the firelight is reflected more and more brightly from the glistening Dutch tiles, and the brass knobs of the fender, and the twisted leg of the neighboring oak cabinet, and even from the gilt backs of the serried books, in their brown and maroon bindings. Impalpable blue layers of fragrant tobacco stretch and wind across the still air, and in the pauses of conversation only the rustle of the flame, the ticking of our watches, and the drawings of our pipes, are audible.

Anecdote of Pope.

Most of our readers have doubtless heard of the sharp rejoinder once made to Alexander Pope, whereby a pointed hit was made at his diminutive and ill-shapen figure, but many may not have heard the particulars of the occasion.—They were as follows:

Pope was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, where himself, and Swift and Arburthnot, with several other scholars, were poring over a manuscript copy of the Greek Aristophanes. At length they came across a sentence which they could not comprehend, and as, in their perplexity, they talked rather loudly, they attracted the attention of a young officer, who chanced to be in another part of the room, and who approached and begged leave to look at the passage.

"Oh, by all means," said Pope, sarcastically; "Let the young gentleman look at it. We shall have light directly."

The young officer took up the manuscript volume, and after a little study and consideration his countenance brightened.

"It is but a slight omission on the part of the scribe," he said. "It only wants a note of interrogation at this point to make the whole intelligible."

Pope saw in an instant that the officer was right; but the thought of being outdone in Greek translation by a mere youth, and a red-coat at that, piqued him, and with a sharp, bitter twang he cried out:

"And pray, young sir, what is a note of interrogation?"

"A note of interrogation," answered the officer, surveying the wizened hunchbacked poet from head to foo, with a contemptuous look, "*is a little crooked thing that asks questions!*"

Value of a Trade.

Many a young man has been ruined for life because he never learned how to do anything. "My father," once said an intelligent young friend, who found it extremely difficult to earn a scanty livelihood by his pen, "did not think it worth while for me to learn any trade or business." He had been unexpectedly thrown on his own resources, and, although a man in stature and years, he was a mere infant in his capacity to earn a living. They are too many men of his class floating around the world—men who have talents, but do not know how to apply them. Such cases lead us to look upon the culpability as very great, of any parents, who bring up a son without having been practically and thoroughly instructed in some way of earning an honest living. Every man should have some profession or trade; should know how to do something. Then, whether he steadfastly pursues it or not, he at least has an occupation to which, in an emergency he may resort for the support of himself and others who may be dependent on him. Of all men the practical know-nothing is most to be pitied.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The product of the Wisconsin dairies is estimated at $4,000,000 per year.

—London omnibus conductors work fifteen hours a day for four shillings.

During the year 1876 the United States yielded 420,000,000 pounds of rosin.

—Over $200,000,000 are annually spent in this country for cigars and cigarettes.

—In the year 1876 the seeds received in Chicago, principally clover and timothy, were valued at more than $4,000,000.

—The diamonds worn by Mme. Musard at the opera ball in Paris, the other night, when placed in a row measured nearly nine yards.

—The republic of Mexico, covers an area of 760,000 square miles, and is divided into twenty-three States, having a population of about 8,000,000.

—A female reporter represents the Detroit *Free Press* in the Canadian house of commons, and, furthermore, reports the doings of the staid Canadians very well.

—Nearly 100,000 Germans are settled in some forty counties in Texas, particularly Comal and Guadalupe, and they are highly successful as agriculturists.

—A poor Scotchman in Dundee is the father of a child born with two stomachs and the Cincinnati *Commercial* thinks this an imposition, even in the land of oatmeal.

—During the past year the German press issued 848 works devoted to the natural sciences, 297 to geography and travel, and 190 to mathematics and astronomy.

—Three of Washington's third cousins, the grandchildren of Warner Washington, of Virginia, are now living, old, poor and dependent, in Gordonsville, Ky.

—A pure white muskrat was caught in the north part of Great Barrington, Mass., the other day, something old hunters never saw before in that part of the country.

—The sea serpent interviewed some Chinamen near San Diego, Cal. They saw a good deal of him. They say he was sometimes 160 feet long, and sometimes two miles.

—Mrs. Pauline Spitz died at Elnanowitz, Austria, recently, at the age of one hundred and eight years. She had never been known to take medicine, and always enjoyed good health.

—The first picture Mr. Sheepshanks, the eminent English collector, ever bought was Landseer's "Two Dogs," and he gave the young artist £30 for it. It is worth to-day a hundred times thirty.

—Applications for fish to put in Lake Champlain are refused by Mr. Green because the lake is not exclusively New York waters, and Vermont has taken no step toward bearing her share of the expense.

—From a block of marble weighing two tons, an eagle measuring six feet between the tips of its outspread wings is now being cut for the Grand Army monument which stands at Reading, Pennsylvania.

—Allegheny college, at Meadville, Pa., has been selected as one of the thirty colleges in the United States to which the government, according to a recent act of congress, would aid and support a military department.

—On the strength of a map, without personal examination, some New York parties took a mortgage for $40,000 on a rocky, inaccessible hill-top in Patterson, N. J. (Garrett Mountain), which has just been sold under foreclosure for $700.

—Tobacco is now successfully cultivated in over fifty counties in the State of Missouri. In 1869 the State had 388 tobacco manufactories, and she produced 19,600,000 pounds, occupying the sixth rank among the tobacco-growing States of the Union.

—Thanksgiving falls on November the 30th only once in six or eight years. It comes on that day this year, and will occur again only three times this century—in 1882, 1892 and 1899. The latter will be the last Thanksgiving day of the nineteenth century.

—The Augusta *Chronicle* says Massachusetts capitalists are investing in manufacturing enterprises in Georgia. A cotton mill is to be established at Augusta and another on the "Powder Mills tract," the first to run 20,000 and the latter 60,000 spindles.

—Tradition says that years ago when the headwaters of the Chesapeake swarmed with wild fowl, the hands employed at an iron forge at Havre-de-Grace once upon a time refused to work because they were fed on canvas-back ducks instead of bacon.

—Four only of the fifty-eight signers of the Texan declaration of independence in 1835 survive. These are Edward Waller, of Virginia; John W. Burton, of Tennessee; W. B. Scates, of Sherman, Colorado, and Charles B. Stewart. All are over sixty-three.

—On the closing up of the Smith & Rogers silver-plating concern in New Haven, recently, preparatory to its removal to Meriden, the floor of the plating room was taken up, burned, and the ashes analyzed, with the result of procuring pure silver to the amount of $981.

—Rouen, France, has the tallest structure in the world. The cast iron spire of its cathedral is 492 feet high, while the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, raises its cross 452 feet above the ground, and Strasbourg, the highest cathedral in all France, reaches, with its celebrated clock tower, 455 feet.

—The poplar forests in the region of country north of Lewistown, Me., have been cut down for timber for the manufacture of paper. These forests have been considered by the farmers as almost entirely worthless, a good deal of the wood or lumber hardly paying for the cutting and hauling, but now the timber brings a high price.

—Lord Nelson's paroquet lately died at the age of 115 years at the Jardin des Plantes. One of the peculiarities connected with the life of this bird was this—that while on board the Victory, during the battle of Trafalgar, the continuous firing of the cannon had such an effect as to destroy all the acquisitions which previously distinguished it, and was incapable of uttering anything but "Bomb! Bomb! Bomb!"